NOSCE TE,

(HVMORS.)

BY

RICHARD TVRNER.

Disce dediscere.

LONDON

Printed by I. W. for *Iefferey Chorlton*, and are to be sold at his shop, at the great North doore of Pauls.

1607.

TO THE READER.

DIgnare indignis (*Reader*) *soft, I might as wel haue called you gentle,* per Antiphrasin, *you'l say but you were not best bee prating, lest I make* Cato *claw you by the Coxecombe, with* ne ad concilium, &c. *But Apology, define* plura, *doe you heare* (predicte) *heeres a sixepenie purchase for you; I thinke you may call it* Epigrames, *or a booke of this thing and that thing, and iust nothing, if you haue better skil, you may scoffe at it, or you may looke and laugh at it, you may buy it and beare it, and then you may eyther reade it, or heare it, or else take it and teare it, or if you can doe nothing else, clip your taile twixt your legs, like a weary sheepe, and cry mew, but may be, your stomacke hath prest your belly to the three peny Ordinary, take this word in your pocket, for tis not there I assure you.* Farewel.

Richard Turner.

TO THE CARPING *Misinterpretor.*

CEase gualde-backt-guilt, my infcious lines to mince,
The world will know you are rub'd if once you wince,
They hemme within their feeming criticke wall,
Particularly none, generally all;
Mongſt which if you haue chancht to catch a pricke
Crie Wee-hie if you will, but do not kicke.

NOSCE

NOSCE TE,
(Humors.)

NOſce te, (*Humors*) fantaſticke, know thy ſelfe,
The ape of faſhions, Natures very Elfe,
Here learne, abhorre, reforme thy infamous rumors,
Platter fac't *Proteus* (*Noſce te, Humors.*)

MEete ſwearing *Samme*, and ſay you are glad he's wel,
Euen ſo is he by you; he is by hell:
Aske him if he a pinte of wine will take,
He'le giue it you; aye by the Stygian lake:
Tell him t'is ſpoke his dealings are but euill,
His humor ſcorneth rumor, aye by the diuell.
This his deteſted ſwearing, each man loathes,
His oathes are his, God grant, he not his oathes.

Search

Epigrams.

SEarch from the orient to the occident
To find ſome vnknowne-land by accedent:
Wring *Preſter Iohn* by the beard, draw *Cham* by'th heeles,
Tie ſuch as *Hector* to our chariot wheeles,
Piſh, what were this? now none are famde but drinkers;
Let s to a tauerne, be as drunke as Tinkers,
Drag vp ſome whores into the roome by'th' haire,
Swingde vp the Vintner, throw the Drawer down ſtaires,
Rouſe out with ſuch a horrid thunder, ſcore-
Make *Errabus* amaſde, the *Welkin* rore,
Fall out, ſcolde, fight, and after all theſe quarrels,
Sucke out the very entrals of the barrels:
O had we neuer ended Spaniſh iarres,
Then theſe had neuer beene our Engliſh warres.

OTher mens ioyes chifefly from thoſe *Ioiſe* deſcend,
Yet (cruel *Ioiſe*) my ioyes in *Ioiſe* haue end,
My onely ioyes, by onely *Ioiſe* are croſt,
Ioiſe is my loue, in whome my ioyes are loſt.

Harke.

Epigram.

HArke how he blowes, puffe, he'l caſſear you all
Gallants, alane, giue *Gurmandiſe* the wall:
O Buttockes! bigger then a paire of butt's,
The very paragon of greaſe and guts,
Atturney, I crie you mercy, now Ile ſweare
Tis he hath made tuftaffatie ſo deare,
A ſixeyearde iacket's nothing, for ile tell ye
Th'ers a huge circuit bout his boundles belly;
Ale by whole tunnes, the vaſtiles conceales,
Tis ſtrange, no tripe-wife for his garbage deales,
Yet all's not loſt by feeding *Gurmandiſe*,
Then weepe not (*Meſſe*) for when thy husband dies,
Doe thou but ſeeth the entrals of the chuffe,
Thou art worth at leaſt fiue marke in kitching ſtuffe;
Yet ſoft, ile make a Proclamation,
That cloth and ſtuffe, may ioine in ſupplication;
And pray (O mutton paſties) gooſe and pigge,
That bellies may breake before they grow ſo bigge.

Epigrams.

BLeſſed Creator) turne thy curſed creature,
The beſt by name's become the badſt by nature
Grace, now giue ore that name, be *Grace* no more
Grace is graceles, for *Grace* is a whore.

SHine hollow Caues, and thou celeſtiall round,
Droppe downe harmonious accents from thy ſphears,
Let heaven and earth with merry noiſe reſound,
The Flagge hanges out to day thei'l baite the beares,
For how to ſpend my time I could not tell,
Cauſe al the whores of *Lambeth*, be in *Bridewel*.
Thus idle Libertines conſume their liues,
In ſome deteſted ſinne, ſome horrid vice,
Rauiſhing maides, diſhoneſting mens wiues.
At tauernes, bawdy houſes, playes, whores, dice,
They that haue libertie, do thus abuſe it,
Curſed, nay all moſt damnbd, are they that vſe it.

Mumme-

Epigram.

MVmme chancing *Tom* to his eternall grace,
The dicing-heraldes did create ſiſe ace,
This *Tom* in gamling was (forſooth) ſo nice
No tricke eſcapte his knowledge on the dice:
Barde cater trayes, fullomes, high cuts, low cuts
Nay *Tom* did know the dices very guts,
But what auaileth skill, if lucke be bad,
Ingratum fatum, *Tom* loſt all he had.
When loe to dire reuenge *Thomas* is drawne,
And put his cloake (deſpight the dice) to pawne,
But valiant dice better at blowes then brawle
Conquerde at armes, cloke, doublet, hoſe and all,
Quoth furions *Tom*, is this my merit's meede?
A plague vpon't, heer's bare--lucke indeed
Then cals all villanes, rogues, panders and whores,
And in his ſummer's ſute, ſwinges out of dores,
Catch-poles, and bruers horſes, giue the wall,
Or breechles *Thomas* ſweares hee'l bang you all.

Epigrams.

M*Endoso's* turnd, what? ſwaggerer, by this light,
I am ſure he is not, beleaue't he is, hee'l fight,
Hee's rich and valiant, as a man may be,
London affordes none properer then he,
See how he laughes, nay, prethee doe not ſcore it,
I am ſure tis true, I heard him when he ſwore it,
Truſt me you wrong the Gentleman, nay fie,
Tis a ieſt indeed, *Mendoſo ſweare and lie.*

A Gentleman, why? he hath beene once or twiſe
Why, I hope to God a Seruingman may riſe,
Why name you *Ambodexter* mongſt the reſt,
Did he follow him? tis true, he did in ieſt,
The other morning to diſgeſt his canne,
To cut *Tobacco*, he ſwore he miſt his man,
Diſgrac't to fil't himſelfe, in a great rage
Can curſe the Earle, that needes would haue his Page.

He

Epigrams.

He had a Page, he lies that dare say nay,
Three daies he seru'd him, ere he runne away:
He's turnd I assure you, lies as well as many,
Bids God renounce his soule better than any:
Cries (villaines) I haue learnd a new Carouse,
No man comes neere me in a Bawdie house:
When others pawnd their land, he spent no ground,
Because he had none: but almost three hundred pound.
He spent indeed a little which he got,
Question not how, perchance it was his lot.

AS my yong Mistris walked by her gate,
A Beggar askt her worship for a pennie,
Shee prizing worship at the lowest rate,
Bade him be packing for he gote not any:
Another kneeling, came with (good your honor)
And t'was no maruell, for shee wore a Hood:
Shee hearing such a title put vpon her,
I warrant (quoth shee) his breeding hath bin good:
Out came her purse, and money, read how much,
A penny faith, her honors bounty was such.

Epigram.

TOuch not my Rapier, for by my rapiers hilt,
If thou defile my rapier with thy ſight,
Then by the radiance of my rapiers gilt,
My rapier ſends you to eternall night:
But ſee it quoth a? know ſlaue, my rapier ſcornes
The vile beholding of ſo baſe a groome.
What will you faith? come, come, Ile cut your cornes:
Die (villaine) die, or quickly leaue the roome,
Cham not ſo ſimple, quoth the countrey clowne,
To runne away for euery Mouſe that cries,
Chau beene the luſtieſt man in all our town:
Quoth Hot-ſpurre (O my ſpleene) by *Ioue* he dies.
Plain-dealing *Tom*, eſteeming that courſe beſt,
Drew a hudge Ale-houſe dagger from his backe:
Put vp, quoth Hot-ſpurre, canſt abide no ieſt,
In conſcience I ſhould beate thee like a ſacke:
Ruſticke was ready, Hot-ſpurre gan to fawne,
Faith hee'd haue beate him, if he had not drawne.

Obtaine

Epigrams.

OBtaine of me my liuing, lands and life,
Obtaine the nightly lodging with my wife:
Commaund me hang my ſelfe, nay fight for thee,
Nay (ſweet friend) my rapier muſt be free
What elſe I haue, by your name is knowne,
What's mine's my friende's, ſaue only that's mine owne:
Of mettels ſtrange, of compoſition rare,
Like *Mars* his ſword, my rapier ſcornes compare,
Is not poſſeſſion to thefts fier fuel?
Whoe'd truſt ſecurity ſuch a iewel?
Who hath your rapier that you doe not feare it?
Nay, where's your rapier that you do not weare it?
O ſir, ſo many cans of expence,
Why doe you laugh? faith tis not pawnd for ſixpence.

SPlendor of nature, luſter of a noſe,
Whoſe colour far exceeds the reddeſt roſe,
A radiant noſe, for brightnes glorious,
A noſe whoſe greatnes is notorious,
All moderne noſes this noſe farre out goes,
A handfull brode, why tis monſtrous for a noſe.

Miroſos

Epigram.

Miroſos comming to a tauerne neere,
In gallant tearmes began to curſe and ſweare,
This roguiſh houſe, what the poxe brought me hither,
What are theſe rogues and whores gone altogether:
T'is a maingie houſe, here gentlemen may ſtarue,
Whiſt knaues and drabs are playing that ſhould ſerue:
Anone ſaies one, may it pleaſe your worſhip dine,
My pleaſure is (you ſlaue) to drinke ſome wine.
What ſmell is this? faugh, here is a filthy fogge,
A ſtinking roome, able to choke a dogge:
Such durty towels, rude cuſhions, rotten ſtooles,
Plague on ſuch Beggar-maſters, and men fooles.
A quart of *Ipocras*, freſh, neat, and pure,
Now by my blade, I ſhall be angrie ſure:
The boy with humble flexure doth decline,
And trudging to the Celler downe for wine,
Meane while *Miroſo's* gone, and wot you why?
Poxe take the Beaker, muſt he ſtand ſo nie.

I haue

Epigrams.

I Haue a loue by whom the morning riſe
Lookes ſtill to haue her bluſhing glory tainted,
Were they not bleard, O ſhee had excellent eies!
The world affoards a face no better painted:
A lippe like to *Diana*, her fountaines brincke,
Heauens for a breath, O that it did not ſtincke.
Didſt thou but ſee with what facilitie
Shee winnes a louer with an amorous looke,
Thou'dſt conſecrate to all eternitie
Her famous name, within ſome braſen booke.
Lightning of Nature, beauties amazing thunder,
The rogue doth ſmile, t'would make your worſhippe wonder.
Compared to her priceles-valued minde,
Perfections richeſt jewell is but poore,
One cannot wiſh a wench to be more kind,
Miſtake me not for a Pandor, her a whore:
For if you doe, you wrong vs not a little,
You may know we are honeſt, cauſe we liue at Spittle.

MY Ladie's ſicke, no earthly thing can cure her,
Shee lookes ſo grimme, no creature can endure her,
O fetch no Doctors, t'were but idle coſt,
Her boxe, *pomatum*, life, and all, are loſt.

Epigram.

SEeke not to comfort me, my wife is dead,
Guſh forth ſalt tears, drown euery ſence with weeping,
Laſt night I was ſo troubled in my bedde,
That for my life, I could not wake for ſleeping:
Nor can I ſtand for leaping, weepe for wincking,
Nor hardly eate a bit of bread for drinking.
Thus in moſt pittious manner haue I liu'd,
This too too tedious time, two daies with my maid,
Neuer like me was any creature grieu'd,
Ere ſince her death, for very woe I haue plaid:
No maruell, for I could not worke for ſweating,
Nor could the egges be butterd ere I was eating.
Yet now at laſt, it's time, it's time, adue,
Liue (loued ſoule) for euer in ſweet bliſſe:
When the old is gone, t'is time to ſeeke a new,
I loue thee deerely (*Beſſe*) aye by this kiſſe;
The match is made, and here's an end of ſorrow,
Wee'l lie together to night, marrie to morrowe.

Her

Epigram.

HEr niceneſſe pleaſure is to walke,
Roome there for Madam *Minx*,
O fie vpon this bawdie talke,
Now faugh, by giſſe it ſtinkes.
Why will you not giue place (ſir knaue)
He'l not attend your fables,
Shee loues not to heare of, nor to haue
Such fowle euill fauour'd bables.
O touch her not, for *Dian's* ſake,
Shee's *Venus* chiefeſt ſcorner,
The place you greatly doe miſtake,
I hope this is no corner.
One ſnatcht her keyes that ſate her neere,
Becauſe the chaine was gawdie,
And put them I'le not tell you where,
Becauſe t is ſomwhat bawdie.
Polluted things, touch not her rings,
Your ſtinking heat ſhee'l coole:
For fingers twaine, ſcarce toucht the chaine,
And carri'd them to a poole,
Where till ſhee had beſtowed great ſtore
Of waſhing the defiled,
Shee to her keyes a crowne before,
Could not haue reconciled:
But happieſt men croſſes endure,
When Fate her might aduances,
Nor puritaniſme is ſecure,
From greateſt of miſchances.
For within a month, and twenty daies,
This *Minx* ſurnam'd the Milde,
Did make the fowler of her keyes,
The father of a childe.

Epigrams.

SCud coward valour, flie my tempeſtuous ire
And the turbouſe tumbling of my whirlewinde fury,
So raging ſpleene, belke out thy ſparkling fire,
My hands are iudges, and my ſword's the Iury:
None ſcapes with leſſe, that dares approch my ſight,
Than condemnation to eternall night.
The extreame torture of his fatall houre,
Attends the villaine that's next obuious,
Stretch out my legs, Ile walke fiue mile an houre,
Soft, now I know, what makes me ſo outragious:
Knew I who would truſt me, I'de goe eaſe my minde,
I am hudge and hungrie cauſe I haue not din'd.

—

MOngſt liquids, R. and L. ſurpaſſe the reſt,
Of conſonants, S. X. were, and are beſt.

O harke

Epigram.

O Harke my Miſtreſſe comes, where ſhall I hide me
Her ratling ſilkes prognoſticate ſhee'l chide me.
This peeuiſh dreaming whore, where is ſhe miſing?
That doth ſo well attend me whilſt I am riſing,
No cuſsion for my feete, no chaire to ſit in,
Nor any baſon ſet (forſooth) to ſpit in,
A haire lay on my ſtockinges, doe you ginne to crie?
Nay more (you queane) my buske-points ſtood awry,
My ſhooes an inch aſunder, with no ſockes in,
My kirtle wrinckled bigge as any pinne,
Pox on your fingers, are they growne ſo niſe,
My girdle truſt me, was as cold as iſe,
Whether runne you (ſir rogue) what are you blind?
I hold my life, my munkey hath not dinde:
Come, dood a, dood a, this villaine muſt be beaten,
This ſilly worme no bit to day hath eaten,
O God is this a life? iudge (Gentlemen)
A Gentleumans Monkey faſt till ten,
With that vnto the trembling boy ſhe skips,
And ſet's her ſignet ſeales vpon his lips,
And alſo with the maide ſhee kindly dealde,
Who could not paſſe in law till ſhee was ſealde.
Admire the riſing of this curious charmer,
Her father is ſo poore a countrie farmer,
That in my conſcience t' would content his mind,
To eate the ſcrappes her munkey leaues behind,
Farmer? (poore man) ay, and with care obſerues
To farme the ſtable as occaſion ſerues.

Epigrams

George hath a wife which for his dagger cares not,
Cauſe ſhe dares fight when *Georges* dagger dares not:
For when he fell at ſtrawes, and leapt ore ſtockes,
Courſing the can vntil he had catcht a foxe;
She with her nailes examinde ſo the matter,
That he was faine to draw his dagger at her,
But yet poore *Nouerint* conquerde by the cup,
Being ſoundly bangde he ſheathde his dagger vp.

Miſſa will needſly marry with a foole.
her reaſon;
O ſir, becauſe he hath an exlent———
peace, treaſon:
And reaſons moe, the maid doth ſhow,
of perfect approbation,
Witnes my eare that heard her ſweare,
it was the Ladies faſhion.
An other reaſon that doth moue her take him,
I will vnfould,
Becauſe (forſooth) ſhe doth intend to make him
a———
Your niceſt dames, that dwell by Thames,
of fooles are nothing ſcorning:
For the verieſt clowne in all the towne,
will beſt endure the horning.

Tom

Epigrams.

Tom had a peny but he had no purſe,
Tom then a purſe eſteemb'd, a peny worſe,
Tom grew in choler, and gan ſweare and curſe,
Tom ſould his peny and did buy a purſe,
Tom was a foole, becauſe in ſummes diſburſe,
Toms peny is more currant then his purſe.

Tom waxed thirſty, and went to his brother
His purſe and belly emptie each as other:
His brother kept an honeſt alehouſe neare,
Sould exlent bottle ale and double beare,
When *Tom* came there he merily gan fawne,
And for a pot would put his purſe to pawne,
To ſell for purſes his brother had not any,
Tom might haue had a pot now for his peny.

Epigrams.

O *Tom* was wiſe, pence haue too ſpeedy vent,
Tom hath his purſe, his peny had beene ſpent,
And now if any peny *Tom* can winne,
Tom hath a purſe to put his peny in,
But now let *Tom* his purſe and peny reſt,
Tom's good, his purſe is better, his peny's beſt.

COme (goſſippe) ſit and talke, looke there's a ſtoole
Ile tell you a wonder, *Prudence* is a foole,
Will wooes, nay woode her, did, nay would (to be ſhort)
For hee askt, ſhe anſwearde no, and loſt the ſport,
He askt againe (O willing wretch) ſhe would not
But ſtrait ſhe wilde, he nilde, ſhe would, he could not.

Looke

Epigram.

LOoke (Ladies) here's a face, for Gods sake turne you,
Pack hẽce (thatcht houses) or good faith twil burn you
So set with carbuncle, ruby and pearle,
T'might well beseeme the wearing of an earle,
A nose touching his mouth (which euer gapes)
Which crusht yeeldes liquor like a bunch of grapes,
A chinne as free from beard as any dogge,
Saue stubbes more hard then brisles of a hogge:
And yet thereof the owner is so nise,
No weeke escapes it without shauing twise,
O cry you mercy, now the cause I haue learnde
He feares lest by his nose, it should be burnde,
Why say it should, the course were not so deare,
T'would saue him forty shillinges euery yeare,
Ay, but therein another danger lies,
His burning beard might burne out both his eyes.
And that's the cause his shauing course is such,
Such scuruy faces must they cost so much.

Epigrams.

A Monied foole, is like a woman witty,
Neither of either knowing the right vſe
Should nodies rife, wantons grow wiſe? t'were pitty,
If one, of one, if both t'weare both's abuſe,
He would be miſerable of his money,
Shee prodigall of wit, if ſhe had any,
He like a ſweet perfume in ſtinking ſhrowde,
Shee like one Sunne-ſhine added to another,
Hee'd be too ſluiſh baſe, ſhee too too proud,
The flame would burne her's out, the ſmoake his ſmother
But this conuerſion ſeemes to me the boneſt.
Let him be wiſe and rich, ſhe onely honeſt.

F*Laminio's* chinne ſcornes euery cut but bare,
And yet his head ſcornes nought, ſaue onely haire.

Ti's

Epigrams

'Tis merry when gossips sit vpon a bench,
To talke of tisting *Robbin* and his wench,
Of faire *Philip* and of *Besse* the browne,
And euery *Ducke* and *Broodgoose* in the towne,
My henne, saieth one, each weeke seuen egges doth lay,
What's that? quoth another, mine laies two euery day,
The third complaines, she broke her hatchil handels,
The fourth hatt the Ouen, the fift made candels,
The sixt beganne to sneuill, snore and sneese,
The seuenth on fryday made a morninges cheese,
By this confused babling all doth smother,
The lyes are lost, one cannot heare another,
Strait all fall out, bout fathering of a fart,
They rise, and scold, and scrach, and so depart.

A Countrie fellow courser cloth'd then witted,
A foolish Lawyer wisely thus hee fitted;
Good sir (quoth he) are you necessitie,
The Lawyer was amaz'de exceedingly,
And askte him why necessitie? (sir Daw)
Forsooth (quoth he) because you haue no law.

Epigrams.

Vsanne's all mettle, onely aire and fire,
A wench as merry as one would desire,
She'l looke, she'l laugh, she'l dance, she'l play, she'l sing,
She'l clippe, she'l kisse, nay she'l doe any thing,
With any one at cardes she'l haue a say,
And laugh and lie downe, is her common play
She playes at tables wel, and true as any,
Onely sometimes she'l beare a man too many:
At bowles she beates your cheefest alley-lubbers,
Alwaies prouided that they hold out rubbers;
Nay, if you'l nocke the shafte, she'l shoote at prickes,
She's nothing else but mirth and *meretrix*.

Robbin doth rise, and forth must needesly goe,
Onely to speake but with a friend, or so,
But *Robbin's* wit in wetting's euer shrunke,
For *Robbin* neare comes home, but *Robbin's* drunke.

Will

Epigrams.

WIll you not pledge me first now by this light,
I care not of a bul rush if I fight:
Nay now my resolution naught withstands,
Horror and blood attend my murdrous hands:
Intreats are vaine, for when I once am willing,
The world cannot disswade my blade from killing.
He draw'd, and winckt, and thrust, and shak't, & swore,
And kept him off his rapiers length and more;
Well plaid in faith, masse that had spoild your sport,
Had it not beene at least a yard too short.
Bullie, put vp, I see thou art a man,
Come *Tom*, by Christ, Ile giue thee halfe a Canne.

O Face, no face, hath our *Theophiles*,
But the right forme of *Mephostophiles*:
I know t'would serue, and yet I am no wizard,
To playe the Diuel in'th Vault without a vizard;
(Nature) be it spoke to thy eternall grace,
That a man hath mettle euen in's very face.

Epigram.

Nicke weares three noses in an vnion,
Each richly died with skarlet of the best:
Nicholas refused the Communion,
Because the parson praied not for his smel-feast:
He onely praied for triple-nosed *Nicke*,
Now *Nicke* was well, but's nose was hugely sicke.
Nicke plaies at tables well; but O his noses!
For with his eies, the worme-eate slaues play bootie:
His lucke in casting's good; yet still he loses:
How can he choose, when's things are so vnsutie?
For his fellow gamster makes his sincke a sice,
Whilst he remooues his nose to see the dice.

The

Epigram.

THe great dispencer of small conscience,
Hath made his niggard-name most richly known:
His money-thirsting soule, that conscious *ens*
Is sure the diuels, though his coyne's his owne:
How doth that chuule abuse his pyles of pelfe,
That worse then any diuell damnes himselfe.
Reply not (*Chance*) though I call thée incestuous whore,
Bringing forth golden bastards to thy sonne,
To him that hath too much, still giuing more,
And yet his auarice hath neuer done.
You must be pleas'd with what I said before,
For our sir *Iohn* can prooue, you are a whore.

Doe

Epigrams.

Doe you see yon Munkie in the silken hat,
His cloake of veluet, and his Ierkin leather,
May't please your worship heare the coxcombe chat,
And see him draw his mouth and eies together:
So impudently bold, that none can feare him,
And sweares and lies, t'would doe you good to heare him.
He hath left his reformation now of lockes,
How thinke you then his liuing doth come in?
Why he mends the burning feauer, cures the poxe,
And gets his liuing by the peoples sinne:
Good his head hath, and Rich his heele doth craue,
Rich if you will, but good? in troth he's a knaue.

IF he's no slaue, that to all vices is thrall,
Begges ierkins, hats, hose, dublets, the diuell and all:
And of no man of Note, but still doth craue;
Why then *praedictus Mounsieur* is no slaue.

Forbeare

Epigrams.

FOrbeare (impure) ſtaine not her thought cleare name,
The ſaint's deuoted to the Queene of ſhame:
Moſt beaſtly-wicked, man packe ſpeedy hence,
O God, come hether with vnchaſt pretence,
Wrinckle (alluring face) eies, wanton, niſe,
Come, come, ile ſcrach you out, muſt you entiſe?
Strait to her maid the gallant doth deliuer
A ſatten gowne, which he had bought to giue her,
Which ſhe eſpying, thus endes her churliſh frowne;
Buſſe me (*Ducke*) ſweet, who'd haue thought, thou hadſt had a gown?

CRambde be the guts of begger ſlaues with mutton,
And greaſie licking of the dripping panne:
I care not for ſuch groſſe meates of a button,
Giue me a Capon. Zoundes a man's a man:
Muſt Gallants ſtand like puſſe-cats crying mew?
Drink (villains) why ground, I hope you will look blue
Attend vs (rogues) Vintner, bring heer your wife
And ſhift her, (*ſirra*) in her ſatten gowne,
What is thy Ordinary? now by *Pharoes* life,
Ile leaue it, if't be vnder halfe a crowne.
Ti's but two ſhillinges: O extreame diſgrace,
He ſcornes to ſuppe, when ſuppers grow ſo baſe.

Epigrams

VVHat ailes (my *Fisco*), prethee (chucke) be merry,
Thy sadnes makes my sorow passe all boundes:
Come Busse thy Mistresse, is my puppy weary?
Some *Aquavitæ* quickly *Fisco* soundes,
I faint with griefe, O beare me to my bed,
The paragon of fisting dogs is dead.
Then to an Epitaph my selfe ile taske,
And thus in brasen letters be it written,
Fisco loude butter, and did die of'th laske,
For such a prety dogge, O death too shitten,
Now all you mourning curres in griefe persceuere,
That *Fiscoes* fisting may be famous euer.

BIfronted *Peter's* head, growne bigge with wife,
Yet a loues her whoreshippe as he loues his life,
Ay, (*Peter*) winke at small faultes for thy wench
Hath a pocky sort of crownes, all onely French.

What

Epigrams.

VVHat giue ten pound for counſell? giue a ſtraw,
Do you think ther's any ſo baſely-low priſd law?
Well, yet ile take it, and ſomewhat I will doe,
But t'will not be aboue a word or two,
So foule a caſe as this hath neuer paſt,
Nay, I am as ſure as can be, you'l be caſt:
With that the diſcontented Client frownes,
And makes a ruſling conſort mongſt his crownes,
The which no ſooner (laugh not) Conſcience heares,
But preſently the caſe is changde, he ſweares,
Pardon me (ſir) I did miſtake the courſe,
Aſſure your ſelfe, the land is firmely yours.

IKnow *Ann Hill*, and yet it is not *mons*,
Both ſpringde, and bridgde, with neither *fons* nor *pons*:
This *Hill* hath a wil, O ſtrange, a *Hill* a will!
Nor *fons*, *pons*, *mons*, yet ſpring, bridge, yea *Ann Hill*,
Ay, (*Hill*) leaue thy will, or elſe (*wil*) leaue thy *Hill*,
For *Will* with *Hill*, or *Hil* with *Will*, doth ill.

Epigrams.

Richard and *Robert* with intent to gull them,
Borrowed of *Will* and *Wat* a hundred pound,
But marke how finely *Will* and *Wat* did pull them:
For *Wat* was wit, and *Will* was wily found:
They said themselues had not to ease their sorrow,
but if they'd bring a pawne, they would it borrow.
They pawnde a lease of threescore poundes a yeare,
Thinking to get it backe againe by craft,
For not long after, both come backe and sweare,
They are in sute of law, and needes must haue't.
For if it be not showne within three howres,
Tis lost (quoth they) and then nor yours nor ours.
Wat laught at this, and *Wil* or rather wile,
With doubled Negatiues their cunning crost,
They walkt away in choller, and meane while
The time of pay was past, the lease was lost.
Thus were these crowes guld by the other dawes,
But *fallere fallentes non est fraus.*

OBserue the ponderous sense of euery word:
And looke you heer's a face for any Lord:
Doest see this beard? I tell thee (groome) each haire,
Then *Prester Iohn* his crowne, I prize more deare,
Note but my carriage, thou seest I am most valiant,
Then iudge if I am not a perfect gallant:
He learnde coniunction when he went to schoole,
For wordes, face, beard, behauiour, al's but foole.

Mat

Epigrams.

Mat grewe of late most miserable poore,
But of his vncle he was sure of helpe,
And comming to his house, knockt at the doore,
But marke the currish nature of this whelpe:
He knew him not, nor bade him once come in,
Knowing torne breeches could not be his kinne.
But neuer-alwaies-bad-imperious fortune
Rais'd his deserts soone from thridbare to braue,
When loe, this worme-eate Churle, seemes to importune
The lou'd acquaintance of his Cuzze to haue:
VVhat incantation this prowd world bewitches,
VVhen men are lesse esteemb'd, then veluet breeches.

Mica is turnd religious: why? he fasteth
Long as his pennilesse religion lasteth:
A poxe take *Pierce*, for since his Supplication,
Poore *Mica's* purse was nere in reparation:
Goe fagget, how sir? a seminarie Priest,
VVhy I haue not any crosse about me, seest?
VVhich crosselesse crosse, made *Mica's* case so cleare,
And therefore faire fall nothing once a yeare.

Epigram.

VVHat's he that walkes with ſuch a ſtately grace,
And puts downe any Coach-horſe for a pace:
With a hat as long, and ſharpe, as the Dutch ſteeple,
Able to feare ten groates worth of poore people:
Who his muſtachoes ſo aſcendent weares,
They ſeeme to whiſper rebellion in his eares:
VVith a noſe, in circuit like a new chang'd moone,
And for a face, puts downe your beſt Baboone.
VVith rapier by his ſide, halfe a yard more
Than would meaſure Prick-markes off at halfe a ſcore?
VVhy doe you aske? cauſe I may ſay to you,
I heard one ſweare, that fellow was neuer true:
Hee'l make a match to day, and firmely ſpeake it,
Nay ſweare, to morrow, forſweare, the third day break it.
Nay more; he ſaid he was tyranys chiefe iewell,
No Turke, no Pagan, no wild Boare ſo cruell:
He was nanght, nay worſe, he neuer meanes to mend;
Hee'd gull, deceiue, nay more, hee'd rob his friend:
To ſay what country man he is, t'is hard,
It is indeed: for I thinke he is no———

VVho'd

Epigrams.

WHo'd thinke yon gallant by the boy attended
Did lie a bed, mean while his hoſe were mended?
Or that they liu'd hid in a hiue like Bees,
Onely with barley bread, and *Bridgenorth* cheeſe?
Yet ſhall you heare him, and his boy proteſt,
That Beefe and Mutton's but a skuruie feaſt:
He skornes to feed at night, on gooſe, or ducke,
Yet (Fortune) I perceiue that you haue ſtucke
Vpon his wittie nap, your wealthy burre,
For in wit, he's farre; and yet in wealth, he's *fur*.

MY miſtreſſe loftines, who i'th light doth marke,
Thinkes not ſhee'd be ſo lowly in the darke,
There (proſtrate wretch) doue-like, deuoid of gaull,
How long ſo ere the wrong, ſhee puts vp all.
Yet (*Wat*) your iealouſie with you plaies bootie,
When you come home, I hope ſhe doe's her dutie.
To clip, and coll, and kiſſe, ſhee neuer miſſes,
What? cannot husbands be content with kiſſes?

Faſingo

Epigram.

Fasingo hath a backe, ist possible?
Aye, and a bellie, but as vnsociable
As any backe, and belly you shall finde,
For's backe goes braue, marry his bellie's pin'd:
His backe weares silke,
His belly scornes milke,
Because he cannot get it:
But if he can robbe
A Herring of a cobbe,
You'd blesse you to see him eate it.
Fasingo hath another tricke well noted,
No Pilchers head escapes him, though vnbloted:
But he cares not much for marmelet or gelly,
But if a cheese will find parings, he'l find bellie.
When any he seeth,
Hee'l picke his teeth,
As he sits at his dore:
VVhen he hath not eate,
One bit of meat,
In three daies space before.

My

Epigram.

MY Miſtreſſe goes each day in her Scotch hat,
Yet ſets me downe to ſupper with a ſprat,
And walkes her ſelfe meane while about the hall,
To ſee I eate both head, and taile and all,
My ſwaggering ſtomacke brooks head, taile, skin & bone
Whip ſayes my mouth, and then the ſprat is gone,
Then learnedly my Miſtreſſe gins to chat,
The wondrous vertues of a bloted ſprat,
Firſt how it fils, next how it doth reſtore
One from a hundred ſickneſſes and more,
But in my throat I ſcorne this phiſicke diet,
Nor can my belly keepe my guts in quiet,
Which ſhe perceiuing gins to ſcold outright,
Bids giue me the other ſprat, and choke me quite,
VVhen loe, my teeth as quicke as any cats,
Soone make two ſimple fellowes of the ſprats,
I thinke you'l neere haue ſupt (quoth ſhe) ſir gull,
I riſe, ſhe ſaies, I hope you are farting full,
Ti's true, with aire, therein we both accord,
But to preſerue, I do beſeech the Lord,
Tom Weningtons blue breeches from the rats,
And me, and all good men, from ſupping with ſprats.

Epigram.

AN honeſt Vicker, a wiſard or a witch
A Chimney-ſweeper, *Tom Tinker* and his bitch,
Met altogether at a tipling houſe,
To trie each other's valour at carouſe,
Sir *Iohn* did reaſon, the witch did alſo well,
Chimny-ſweepe better, the *Tincker* did excell,
And ſurely *Tom* had quickly got the beſt,
But that his bitch paſt him, and all the reſt,
They wondred much at *Tom*, but at *Tib* more,
Faith (quoth the *Vicker*) ti's an exlent whore,
Chimny-ſweepe and the *Tincker* fell to fighting,
Kicking grew in vſe, with pinching, ſcratching & biting,
The witch and the bitch fell out, and gan to brawle:
Sir *Iohn* ſpoke latine enough to choke them all,
And neare leaues off vntill the fray he ends,
Cals for the other pot, then all are friends;
And then a freſh they fall againe to ſwill:
But the *Chimny-ſweeper* takes *Tobacco* ſtill,
Doe you aske why? O his Commiſſion's large,
For he may ſweep his noſe himſelfe, and ſaue that charge
And preſently the *Tincker* gins to ſucke it,
Till he makes his chappes as blacke as any bucket,
O then let Gentlemen leaue off to thinke on't:
When *Tinkers* and ſuch raſcall ſlaues do drink on't.

Zay

Epigram.

ZAy (*Ziſſe*) canſt fancy? then prethe conſtant proue,
For in conſcience I am beaſtly deepe in loue:
I be ſworne thoſe frownes will make me to abhorre thee,
Come, if thou't haue me, heer's a pinne-purſe for thee,
Ah Roſtemeat (*Siſſe*), I am ſure to me thy marriage,
Would be as good or better then plumme-porrage,
Sure thou't be plag'y ſweet to him ſhal trie thee,
I know no butter-milke will ere come nie thee,
And furthermore *Siſſe* comes ſo neare to ſouſe,
That I could almoſt eate my blacke-bricht mouſe,
And I mongſt youthes haue euer bore the bell,
Thou ſeeſt my heeles be whole, and all things well,
My head and beard (as ruſty bacon) yellow,
Nay I am ſure an extreame admirable fellow,
Siſſe laught and let a fart, there loue was ſhowne:
And runne away, iudge, is not ſhee his owne.

Epigram.

T*Im* ſpeaketh common, what's proper to a king,
Calling for's doublet, he bids our doublet bring,
VVhy ours you'l aske? O (ſir) he hath good reaſon,
That our's as cleare (as he of ſhift) from treaſon:
For he and's brother, *freti ſimplicibus*,
Wear'th ſute, and'th ſhirt, *alternis vicibus*.

VVhy

Epigram.

WHy (*Will*) art thou my brother? then giue mee a
Come bezle to me, let's be drunk in pomp: (thũp
Let the Iackes grone, the Iugges be all confounded.
The Cruzes cruſht, Cans crackt, Pitchers expounded:
The blacke pots pincht, bowles bang'd, cups canoniz'd,
Thefawſets fir'd, the ſpiggots anatomiz'd:
Now noſes twang, guts grone, (*Will*) throw thy cloake off
Who'd die infamous, neuer to be ſpoke of?
Shal's hawle the houſe by'th heeles out at the dores,
You, hoſteſſe, bawd, come; where be all your whores?
O riſe not ſpleene, by'th Lord I am offended,
VVhat cannot dubbed drunkards be attended?
That's skuruie ale, this ſweete, the other ſower,
I haue drunke a barrell better within this hower.
Rouſe off thy tipple (*Will*) be not afraid,
They drinke, they ſtincke, hoſe, roome, and all's beraid.
Thus *Peter Pots* euery morning praies,
Diuelliſh, pray God not damned are his daies.

Epigrams.

VS, ours, all, the world, the fleſh, the diuell,
With wealth, luſt, craft, allures, deceiues, orecomes,
Fathers, ſonnes, both, none can eſcape that euill,
Which by tranſgreſsion from olde *Adam* comes:
Yet grace, adoption, faith, pure, holy, ciuill,
VVithſtands, deludes, orecomes, world, fleſh, & diuell.

YOu horrid ſinnes, that heauen hath named deadly,
Ceaſe to ſuggeſt the wretched ſoules of men:
You that of all the world haue made a medly,
Yet now at laſt ſleepe in your helliſh denne:
If not, yet be vnited; be ſeauen no more,
For ſeauen are one, one worſe than ſeauen; a whore.

Epillogus.

HEre haue you read, if harſh, not triuiall ſport,
T'was briefe, if bad, the time you loſt was ſhort:
And yet becauſe it was the Authors firſt,
Say t'is but naught, although it be the worſt.

Reader, ſome faults (by reaſon of my abſence) eſcaped by the Printer: I intreat you, if you will, to excuſe; if not, correct: the firſt, if kind; you may: the ſecond, if curious; you muſt: and eaſily. If it bee in the ende of the verſe, by comparing the meeter: if elſewhere, the ſence.

FINIS.